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TENNESSEE HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

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TENNESSEE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

AT

MURFREESBORO', TENN.,

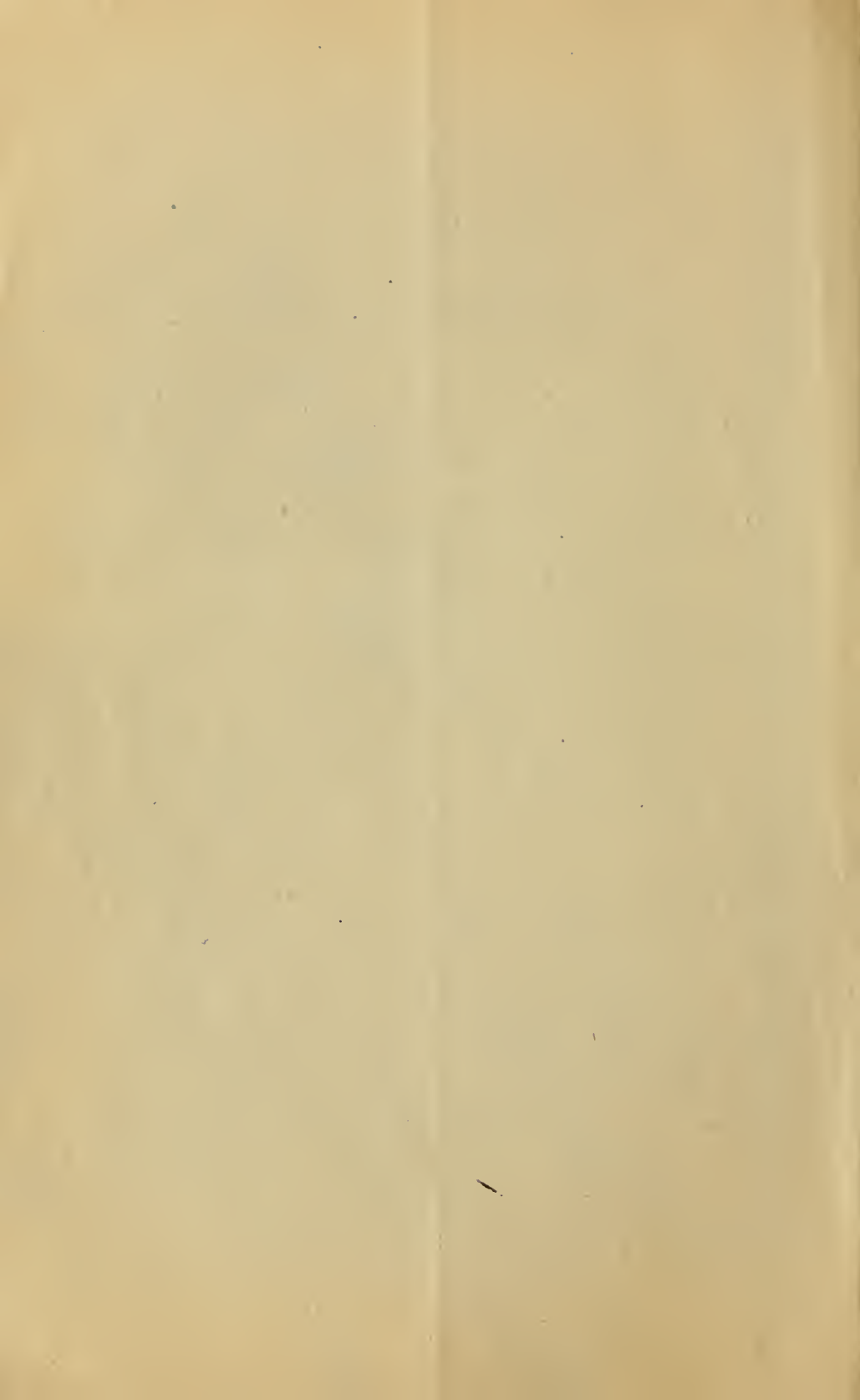
DECEMBER 7, 1885.

OPENING REMARKS OF PRESIDENT LEA—HISTORICAL INCIDENTS—PHOTOGRAPHS OF INDIANS—SWORD OF COLONEL HARDY MURFREE—PRESENTATION SPEECH OF MAJOR D. D. MANEV, AND THE REPLY OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY—CONTRIBUTIONS, ETC., ETC.

NASHVILLE, TENN

JAMES T. CAMP, PRINTER AND BINDER,

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PROCEEDINGS.

BY special request the Society held its monthly meeting in December at the house of Maj. J. W. Sparks, in Murfreesboro', and there were present, as members of the Society, the following named gentlemen:

Hon. John M. Lea, President, presiding; Gen. John F. Wheless, Maj. D. D. Maney, Lytton Taylor, Esq., Dr. J. B. Murfree, Gen. J. B. Palmer, Rev. Dr. W. C. Gray, Prof. T. M. Schleier, Dr. W. J. McMurray, Judge James M. Avent, Rev. C. H. Strickland, D. D., Dr. C. C. Fite, Anson Nelson, Maj. J. W. Sparks, Capt. William Stockell, John Bell, Jr., Judge Pitkin C. Wright.

And the following citizens of Murfreesboro' and surrounding country: Rev. E. A. Ramsey, Maj. Mason Wood, F. R. Burrus, J. S. Ridley, Horace Palmer, Dr. J. F. Byrn, Capt. Richard Beard, Hon. Edwin H. Ewing, Frank Avent, Judge E. D. Hancock, Capt. James Cummings, Judge W. N. Doughty, James M. Avent, Jr., and H. P. Keeble, Esq.

In addition to the above, other citizens were present a part of the time during the meeting, or at the dining festivities afterwards.

CALLED TO ORDER

The President remarked, on calling the members to order, that the Society was again indebted to Murfreesboro' for a hospitable reception. The treatment given by Col. Avent on the occasion of the last meeting here held was so kind and cordial that it required only a hint from Maj. Sparks to bring about an acceptance of his polite invitation. There is such an odor of social good feeling pervading the atmosphere of this beautiful city, that a guest is reminded of the celebrated Dazzle in the old play, who was so well pleased with his entertainment that he was content to stay a day, a week, a month, or a year; he was also willing, if agreeable to his host, both to live and to die in his company.

There are other things, however, besides hospitality, for which this county is famous. Tennessee, ever since its admission as a State into the Union—yes, even before its organization as a Territory, as evidenced by the glorious achievements of the pioneers at King's Mountain—has contributed her full share towards building up the name and fame of the American nation, and of all the counties no one more than Rutherford has furnished men whose lives in war and in peace have shed more lustre upon our history. To the large majority of our members, the meetings here are unmingled with any painful recollections, but there are others of us, who have been longer on the stage of action to whom the present is not altogether a scene of unalloyed pleasure. Faces once so familiar on the streets of this city are no longer to be seen. My business and social relations with the people of Murfreesboro' in the long, long ago, were intimate, and my mind reverts to friends and acquaintances who having fulfilled their work on earth, have earned an honorable repose in death. I no longer meet the affable and whole-souled Keeble, whose speeches, replete with learning, were enlivened by wit; nor of his friend and rival at the bar, the grave and dignified Ready, learned in the law and eminent in the General Assembly and in Congress; nor have I the pleasure to greet a man you all loved and respected, the chivalrous and gifted David Dickinson, whose early promise, great as it was, failed to indicate the success which he attained—often your Representative in the General Assembly and in Congress, dying in the public service ere he had reached middle life, and leaving a name that will always be kindly remembered by the people of this county. I must refer to one nearer my own age, a valued friend, pure in public as in private life, the late Dr. Richardson, who was oftentimes your public servant, eminent in his chosen profession, and equally distinguished in the field of politics. The name of Hardy Murfree Benton, a grand-son of Col. Hardy Murfree, comes up before me, my class-mate and fellow-graduate, "young in years but in sage counsel old," cut off in the flower of early manhood. He left his impress upon the community, but had he longer lived, his brilliant talents would have won success at the bar or in politics, or in any vocation which he might have selected for his life work. As a man whose character commanded universal respect and confidence, what better specimen could be selected than the late Capt. Childress? Of enlarged views and great public spirit, whose bearing and manner always made me think of Cedric, as portrayed by Sir Walter Scott, only Capt. Childress had more decision and strength of character than were vouchsafed to the Saxon. Let

me not forget my friend, the late Beverly Randolph, the type of a Tennessee farmer in the olden time, hospitable and generous, a power in this county in all political elections, a most ardent Whig, who is happy I know in the realms of the Hereafter, if he can only meet the spirit of Henry Clay of whom he was a friend and follower. Other names I could mention, but the recital, pleasing in one sense, brings some sadness, and when I miss all those faces once so familiar, "I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted." A few are left, and long may it be before such a chronicle must needs be repeated of them and of their work.

There is the consolation that these noble men have been succeeded by a generation worthy of their ancestry, and we may be sure that the sons of Rutherford in the future, as in the past, will help forward the march of progress and improvement now so visibly dawning upon our State. The interest which you have always shown in the Historical Society, an institution which has no other object than to preserve the memorials of the greatness of our people, exhibits your patriotism, and I beg to say, that the members most gratefully appreciate the kindness with which on all occasions they have been by you so warmly received.

ITEMS OF BUSINESS

The minutes of the last monthly meeting were then read and adopted.

Mr. George W. Fall and Mr. E. D. Richards, both of Nashville, whose petitions were presented one month ago, were unanimously elected active members.

Judge Whitworth, through the Recording Secretary, reported that the Special Committee of which he was Chairman, had loaned out \$3,000 of the Howard donation, for one year, at six per cent. interest.

The President appointed Messrs. Wheless, Schleier and Gray, a committee to request Maj. James D. Richardson to deliver his lecture on Thomas Jefferson before the Society at Nashville, and to arrange the time for the same.

LETTERS OF THANKS, ETC.

The following letters were read, addressed to the Corresponding Secretary, J. A. Cartwright, Esq.:

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 20, 1885.

J. A. CARTWRIGHT, ESQ., *Cor. Sec. Tennessee Historical Society,*

Dear Sir—Please convey my thanks to your Society for the honor they have conferred upon me by my election as an honorary member. I take pleasure in sending you to-day by express a copy of Zeisberger's Diary among the Indians, as a contribution to your Library, trusting it may be of interest to some of your members.

Yours very truly,

ROB. CLARKE.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 24, 1885.

J. A. CARTWRIGHT, ESQ., *Corresponding Secretary, etc.:*

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a certificate constituting me an honorary member of the Tennessee Historical Society. Though conscious that I have no claim to the distinction conferred upon me, I beg to say that the compliment rendered me is much appreciated, and that it has evoked memories of no ordinary nature. A native of the Western part of Pennsylvania, I left my native place seventy years ago upon the invitation of my uncles, Israel and Jasper Cope, to make my home in Philadelphia. The turnpike over the Alleghany Mountain, and for some distance east and west of it, was in the course of construction. The distance between the place of my birth (Greensburg) and this city is about 300 miles, and it was accomplished by stage travel in six days, now completed by rail in less than twelve hours. My relatives already spoken of were engaged as merchants in the East India trade, and were consequently dealers in Calcutta fabrics, especially white goods, now supplanted by American muslins of a much better quality, at not more than one-third the cost. Having at my majority been established in the mercantile business as a successor to my uncles, who had retired upon a competency, it was my fortune to enjoy, in time, extensive trading with merchants of the interior, no small portion of whom were located in the State of Tennessee, and I have reason to believe that our intercourse was mutually beneficial. My bosom expands with emotion when I reflect that the Western merchants of that period no longer visit our city, and many of them, perhaps all, have gone to the narrow abode appointed for all men as their last resting place. Some have left to their descendants the inheritance of a good name and a plenished storehouse, while others doubtless have left an unsullied character as the only gift of a long life of toil and unrequited labors.

I not only turn to the retrospect of a long life with many saddened memories connected with my career as a merchant, but, I have also to lament the demise of many esteemed associates with whom I labored in other ranks of life. My memory leads back to a period of fifty years ago, when I was one of twenty-four citizens of Philadelphia who visited Washington, to influence, if possible, Pres-

ident Jackson favorably in behalf of the Bank of the United States, so that his signature might be obtained for the renewal of the charter, about to expire. Unhappily the President's mind was fixed in unalterable hostility to the institution. After an interview of fully an hour, our delegation was told to say to Nicholas Biddle to practice Christian benevolence when we returned home.

My subsequent experience as a Director of the ill-fated bank, of which I am now the only survivor of the Board of 1839, satisfied me that the removal of the public deposits from the institution was the origin of the evil that finally led to the destruction of the bank. Gen. Jackson was honest in the views he entertained, but he was unfortunately influenced by men, some of whom were personally hostile to Mr. Biddle on account of politics, and others, prominent men of the city of New York, who were envious and jealous of the advantages Philadelphia enjoyed as the central moneyed power of the country. These gentlemen were, moreover, influenced in their antagonism to the bank because its circulation precluded, in a great measure, the circulation of the so-called Safety banks of the State of New York.

Although much might be said of the course pursued by the Bank of the United States when in power of an objectionable character, yet it had its merits, and of its unhappy President, I will ever entertain the most affectionate regard to his memory.

I have been led to say more than I intended at the beginning of this letter, but, hoping that some portion, at least, of what I have uttered may not prove uninteresting, I am,

Very respectfully,

CALEB COPE

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 23, 1885.

J. A. CARTWRIGHT, Esq., *Cor. Sec. Tennessee Historical Society.*

Dear Sir—Permit me, through you, to thank the honorable body which you represent for its recent action in electing me an honorary member. In a growing country like ours, where the historical landmarks of one generation are over-grown in the West, the importance of a movement like that now being carried on by our State, county and local historical societies, for the preservation of what will one day be of inestimable value to the student of American history, is too manifest to require comment. I esteem it an honor to be connected with those interested in this subject in a sister State.

Very respectfully yours,

H. A. KELLEY.

A letter addressed to Maj. J. W. Sparks, the host, from Gen. G. P. Thruston, of Nashville, but now in Sumner County, was read, expressing his sincere regret at not being at the meeting to-day:

PHOTOGRAPHS OF INDIANS.

Maj. Sparks, for himself and Col. W. R. French and J. A. Aydelotte, of Tullahoma, presented the Society with the photographs of a

number of noted Indians, of the Sioux tribe. The pictures are copies taken by Prof. T. M. Schleier, at his gallery in Nashville, the originals having been borrowed by the gentlemen named. The loan was a great favor, as the Indians do not like to have their pictures taken, and do not want to circulate them when taken. The likenesses consist of a single picture of the celebrated Sitting Bull, Crow Dog, Spotted Tail, White Thunder and Red Cloud; a group of three, being Red Cloud, Young Spotted Tail and C. P. Jordan, interpreter; a group of eleven, consisting of Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, Sword, Yellow Bear, He Dog, Little Hound, American Horse, Little Big Man, Three Bears, and three interpreters.

Red Cloud is the principal chief of the Sioux Indians. He is now an old man and takes but little interest in the management of affairs. He is a man of ability, and advises all his people to be friendly with the whites. He has advocated peace for several years past.

Maj. Sparks informs the Society that Sitting Bull, the next biggest chief, is a remarkable man. His picture shows one of the strongest and saddest marked faces ever seen, and it almost bewilders one to look upon the face of a wild Indian like Sitting Bull and see such wonderful and plainly marked lines of strong character.

Old Spotted Tail is dead. He was next to Red Cloud and was a good man. Spotted Tail has done many things that the United States government rewarded him for. He was killed by old Crow Dog, the meanest Indian in all the Sioux tribe, so the Indians say, and anyone looking at his photograph will agree with the verdict.

Young Spotted Tail, a son of old Spotted Tail, is now the third chief of the nation. He is a fine looking young fellow, and is considered by all the whites in that part of the country a "good Indian," not a dead one, as the soldiers say. Only dead ones are "good Indians." Young Spotted Tail is a good man, and for peace all the time. To show you he is a man of good sense and of a peaceable turn, under the Indian law and usage he, young Spotted Tail, has the right to kill Crow Dog, because Crow Dog killed his father, but he declines to do so, saying he prefers peace among his people, and that he wants them to become good citizens and learn to make their own living by labor and work, like other people. "When I learned all this," says Maj. Sparks, "it made a very favorable impression on me in regard to the young chieftain." He is a splendid looking young Indian, and the Major took a great liking to him. He has a handsome young wife (squaw) and one child, a little boy about six years old. He was the

"fanciest" dressed little prince you ever saw, says Maj. S., and he never left his mother's side when we were there. It made no difference when we saw Mrs. Spotted Tail, this little fellow was with her, holding to her hand. The Major adds: "I took such a fancy to the little boy's dress, having a little boy about his size myself, that Mrs. Spotted Tail made me a suit and sent it to my little boy, and he is now the proudest little fellow in Tennessee. I think every boy in Murfreesboro', of his size, has tried on the suit of clothes. There is not a woman in Tennessee that can do such work. So the ladies here say, although it was done by a wild Indian."

The Major furnished, also, the following account of the group of eleven, which is a remarkable good set of likenesses:

Three Bears, Mot to Yarmany—A young chief of the Ogalalla Sioux, noted for his bravery and friendship to the whites. He is the Indian who in 1874, at Red Cloud agency, saved the life of Col. John E. Smith, Fourteenth infantry, upon the occasion when Sioux Jim, a noted Indian desperado and murderer, drew his rifle on Gen. Smith; but before he pulled the trigger, Three Bears jumped in front of the officer and dared the Indian to fire, then rushed upon him and beat him senseless with the butt of his gun. He also, at the risk of his life, carried a dispatch through the Indian lines to the military post from St. Crawford of the Third Cavalry, when the latter, with twenty men were surrounded by hostile Sioux and Cheyennes. He also figured conspicuously as chief of the Indian scouts on the Crook campaign against hostile Sioux and Cheyennes in 1876.

Sword, Meala Na Kah—Now captain of police, Pine Ridge agency. Was traveling with Buffalo Bill, and exhibiting in Washington at the time this (original) picture was taken.

Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, Ta Shunk Ko Ke pa Oke she la—Hereditary chief of the Ogalalla Sioux. Has always been friendly to the whites. He aspires to succeed Red Cloud as chief of all the Sioux tribe, but the influence of the latter among all the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, is such that no Indian can depose him.

Little Big Man, We chas-shu took ah la—This Indian was the head soldier for Crazy Horse, who lead the Indians in the Custer massacre. He was noted for his bravery and daring, and after the northern Sioux, under Crazy Horse, surrendered, he became of valuable assistance to the Government, and when Crazy Horse, while a prisoner, attempted to stab Capt. Kenington, of the Fourteenth infantry, Little Big Man seized Crazy Horse, when a soldier, unnoticed by those standing around during the excitement, bayoneted

Crazy Horse in the side, from which wound Crazy Horse died. It was thought by many Indians that Little Big Man, to make himself popular with the military, secretly stabbed his chief. He was a brother to Sioux Jim.

American Horse. We see cha ta shunk Kee—An Ogalalla Sioux chief, conspicuous for his loyalty to the government. He is the Indian who killed Sioux Jim, and thus removed the worst desperado and murderer in the Sioux tribe, and one who had been implicated in more massacres and outrages than any Indian living. American Horse was then a young chief, and the head soldier of a band of Sioux. Mr. C. P. Jordan, then chief clerk and acting agent at the Red Cloud agency (1876), while counting the Indians of that band, recognized a son of Sioux Jim in the village, and a man with another son of Sioux Jim for whom large rewards were offered. He interviewed American Horse and learned that the Sioux Jim family were all in the village, encamped with a band of Cheyennes. He instructed American Horse to watch the family, and to kill Sioux Jim and his sons if they attempted to escape until he (Jordan) could report to Gen. McKenzie, then in command of a large body of troops a few miles from the agency, and have the family captured. Jordan and American Horse planned to kidnap the family that night, with a few cavalrymen and friendly Indians, but the commanding officer, when Jordan submitted the plan, disapproved of it, stating he would make the arrest, and before daybreak the next morning had the village surrounded by troops. After Jordan's interview with the officer, he returned to the Indian village late in the night and informed American Horse what the commanding officer had said. American Horse was satisfied neither the father or sons would leave the village unless alarmed. Just before the troops reached the village, the dogs alarmed it, and, as a matter of course, Sioux Jim and his sons, knowing they had been wanted for some time, were the first to escape, and when the troops arrived they succeeded in capturing Sioux Jim's wife, daughter and younger (third) son. After a thorough search they left the village—an hour after dawn—whereupon Sioux Jim, who had been secreted in the vicinity, appeared threatening to kill the first white man he saw. Mr. Jordan had been called by the night watchman shortly after daybreak, and was on his way to and near the village, one-half mile distant from the agency, when Sioux Jim appeared. American Horse saw the situation, and commanded Sioux Jim to drop his gun, which the latter refused to do, when American Horse quickly pulled his revolver and and shot him in the eye, killing him almost instantly. He then rode

out and told Jordan, who was then a few yards distant, what he had done. Jordan then pressed a wagon into the service, and with the assistance of an agency employe and friendly Indians among the wailing and mourning, put the body into a wagon and took it to the post, delivering it to the commanding officer, remarking that possibly American Horse and himself, if listened to, might have gotten three live Indians, instead of one dead. For this act American Horse was made chief by the military.

Little Wound, Ta ope Che Kalla—Chief of the Kiocsa Sioux. His father was killed by Red Cloud in early days, for which reason Little Wound has always been secretly opposed him.

He Dog, Shunka bar lo Ka—A Northern Sioux Chief, a nephew of Red Cloud, one of the principal chiefs in the Custer massacre, but who has been, since he surrendered, true and loyal to the government.

Yellow Bear, Motto Gee—A chief the Melt band of Sioux; a great favorite in 1876 of the military officers because of his advice to his band to voluntarily surrender all their horses to the government, which was done.

The spelling of the Sioux names is not in accordance with the written language (Dakota), but will enable any one to pronounce the names just as they are pronounced by the Sioux.

Leon F. Pallardy—Frenchman, interpreter—Principal interpreter at the Sioux treaty of 1868, and other treaties.

William Garnett—Half Sioux, son of Maj. Garnett, old Ninth infantry, afterwards Major General C. S. A., now interpreter at Pride Ridge agency, and formerly at Red Cloud agency.

Jose Monvale, Spaniard—Sioux, Spanish and French interpreter.

OTHER DONATIONS

The following contributions were announced received since the last meeting:

From Gen. C. W. Darling, Utica, N. Y.—The address of Rev. Garrett L. Roof, D. D., before the Oneida Historical Society on Col. John Brown and his services in the Revolutionary war.

From Judge J. O. Pierce, of Memphis—Three numbers of the *American Antiquarian*.

From J. H. Burrow, Lynnville, Tenn.—A beautiful white hawk, killed by J. P. Fry, near Lynnville, Giles County. It had been seen

continuously since before the war, at least for twenty-five years. It was very wild, and every attempt to kill it was fruitless. It had been shot at often, but not struck. It was forty-eight inches from tip to tip. It was examined by hundreds of persons in Pulaski, and in Giles county, and none of them had ever seen anything like it. The Society is having the bird stuffed by a taxidermist.

From S. A. Cunningham, New York—Ticket for Prohibition, voted in the celebrated Atlanta election in 1885.

From the Department of the Interior—Several valuable public documents.

From Robert Clarke, Cincinnati—Diary of David Zeisberger, a Moravian Missionary among the Indians of Ohio, translated from the original German manuscript by Eugene F. Bliss.

From George W. Lane, Esq., Secretary of the Territory of New Mexico—Atzlan, being an account of the history, resources and attractions of New Mexico, and the legend of Montezuma, illustrated.

From Dr. J. N. Jones, Manchester, Tenn.—A small unique vessel, like a rough goblet, found under an old house in Manchester, built in 1836, and one mile from old Stone Fort.

From Judge W. A. Doughty, Murfreesboro'—A 12-shilling note of Virginia continental currency, 1779.

From Dr. J. T. Byrne, Murfreesboro'—A very old tobacco knife from Africa, and an iron pipe from the same country.

From Hon. Edwin H. Ewing, of Murfreesboro'—A canteen of water from the Dead Sea and another from the River Jordan, hermetically sealed, obtained by him during his travels in the East in 1852. Mr. Ewing also presented the Society with the original firman issued at Constantinople in 1852 by the Sultan, Abdul Mejid, "Son of Mohammed." "May his reign be prolonged," is immediately after his signature. The Rev. Dr. Strickland read the English translation of the Egyptian original. It was an official paper of protection to Mr. Ewing in his travels in that ancient country.

SWORD OF COL. HARDY MURFREE.

Maj. D. D. Maney arose and presented, on behalf of all the descendants of Hardy Murfree and himself, the old sword of Col. Hardy Murfree, and made the following remarks:

MR. PRESIDENT:

The presentation to the Society of the sword of a Revolutionary soldier takes our minds back a long way into the past. It has been

more than one hundred and nine years since the patriotic delegates of the people assembled in the Provincial Congress at Philadelphia, adopted the Declaration of Independence, wherein they announced a formal separation from the mother country, and absolved all the inhabitants of the Colonies from allegiance to the British crown. I have no doubt that to thousands of thoughtful men in that day, such a step seemed to involve a risk too great to be wisely taken. Can thirteen feeble Colonies, occupying a narrow fringe along the Atlantic coast, reasonably hope to contend successfully in a trial at arms with the strongest military power on earth? A question like this, I doubt not, vexed the waking hours and disturbed the dreams of many earnest patriots at that day. But they boldly incurred all the hazard of revolution, and, after six years of war, of varying fortune, they made good and irrevocable and final, their Declaration against Great Britain, before all the world. In 1778, the French came and made Yorktown possible three years later, and when the sun of Yorktown went down, it set upon a people free and independent.

I have spoken of the Declaration of Independence as the act by which the Colonies threw away all hope and desire of reconciliation with the mother country, and appealed to the god of battles as the sole arbiter of their country and their cause, as against the power of the British throne. But, as we all know, the war for independence had begun before that day. More than a year before, the patriotic citizens of Massachusetts had organized military companies known as "Minute-men," to resist by arms, if need be, the encroachments of the British crown, and a company of these heroic men, at the village of Lexington, was destined to open the great drama of the American Revolution. Gen. Gage, the British commander at Boston, having learned that a quantity of military stores had been collected by the patriots at Concord, despatched a military force with all possible secrecy, in the darkness of night, to seize and destroy them. But news of the expedition and its object went before it. The minute men drew themselves together with the utmost promptitude, and when the British force reached Lexington, ten miles from Boston, in the grey dawn of the 19th of April, 1775, they found between sixty or seventy of these heroic men standing across the road. Then Maj. Pitcairn rode forward and shouted, "Rebels, lay down your arms and disperse." They stood firm in their tracks, and in an instant the British opened fire upon them. A conflict followed, in which the patriots, overpowered by superior numbers, were compelled to fall back, leaving upon the field eight of their number dead and nine wounded, being

one-fourth of their entire force. We speak sometimes of the cold and calculating nature of our New England brethren. It seems to me we must revise our opinions when we think of Lexington and the 19th of April, 1775. Not the inhabitants of France or of sunny Spain could have shown hotter blood or more fervid enthusiasm than these heroic men, who, rising from their beds in the darkness of night, confronted the soldiers of their lawful sovereign on that eventful morning! Thus was fired the first gun of the American Revolution, of which Mr. Emerson has said, with a poetic license which is beautiful and sublime, that it was heard all 'round the world. Certain it is, that it was heard from Boston to Savannah, and from the seaboard to the farthest limits of the Colonial settlements. The last remaining cords of loyalty and allegiance had been burned asunder, and as the news was speeded far and wide, the resounding call to arms drowned all other voices. The hearts of the people throbbed with indignation, and with the fierce desire to avenge the blood of their brethren who had fallen in the cause of Liberty. And there was then exhibited in America what in all ages and countries has ever been a sublime spectacle—that of a people rising from the posture of suppliants and standing erect, indignant and defiant, to put all they possessed, and life itself, at hazard in defence of their liberties against the power and prowess of the armies and navies of Great Britain. New England flew to arms, and the people of the Middle States rapidly organized military forces and girded on the sword for the conflict; so that when General Washington assumed command of the American army on the 3d of July, 1775, no less than fourteen thousand men answered to his roll-call.

The Southern Colonies were in full accord with their brethren of the North in the desire and purpose of resistance. Virginia, the most powerful of all the Colonies, sprang forward, with patriotic alacrity and with the chivalry characteristic of her people, to throw her stalwart columns across the path of the invader. Nor was the province of North Carolina behind her sister Colonies in the fierce and resolute purpose to fight for the liberties of America. Her people were eager for the fray, and they girded on the sword with a patriotic spirit which neither privations nor disasters could quench, till the foot of the invader no longer found resting place on American soil. And here let me say that the people of our mother State were trained in the school of Liberty.

Her Colonial history presents an almost continuous series of conflicts between the Royal Governors and the people, in all of which, by resolute and obstinate resistance to every encroachment of the repre-

sentatives of the crown, her citizens successfully maintained their rights and liberties. From our childhood we have all known and admired the pluck of those patriotic spirits of Boston, who in 1763 disguised themselves as Indians, and, going on board a ship anchored at that town, threw the tea overboard, because a tax was laid upon its importation. Two years later, in the province of North Carolina, there occurred a more striking and flagrant instance of resistance in connection with the enforcement of the stamp act, and I recall it to your minds as an evidence of the spirit of her people. The news of the passage by Parliament of this act produced intense excitement in North Carolina, and a number of resolute spirits determined that it should not be enforced in that Colony.

Early in the year 1765 there arrived at the port of Brunswick, N. C., a ship from England having on board the stamped paper to be used in that Colony. Col. Ashe, of New Hanover county, and Col. Waddell, of Brunswick county, called around them a body of volunteers and marched to the ship, where they so terrified the Captain that he gave his solemn promise that he would not put on shore the stamped paper. Then, in derision and to signalize the occasion, they seized the ship's boat, and mounting it upon a wagon, proceeded to Wilmington, then the place of residence of the Royal Governor. They received a heart-felt ovation from the people of that town, and at night a brilliant illumination added to the interest of this singular episode. The next day they surrounded the palace of Gov. Tryon, and demanded at his hands the person of James Houston, a member of the Governor's council and an inmate of the palace, who had been appointed Stamp-master for North Carolina. Gov. Tryon at first refused to surrender him, but was informed that unless he did so the palace would be burned. He yielded, and Houston being delivered to the volunteers, was led to the market place and there took a solemn oath that he would never undertake to execute the duties of the office to which he had been appointed, and was thereupon released. These things were done in the light of day by well-known citizens, and they illustrate the spirit of the heroic worthies of the olden time. Eternal honor to the noble mother State, which, from her earliest history, has ever stood like a rock for the cause of liberty! The stamp act was repealed the next year, and my information is that no attempt was made to enforce it in the Colony.

I have spoken of the determined attitude of resistance which North Carolina assumed in 1775. I ought not to omit saying that here, as elsewhere, Lexington was the word of inspiration which stirred the

souls of her people to their profoundest depths. In fifteen or twenty days the momentous intelligence had reached the eastern shore, and soon thereafter was known throughout the Colony. Her people bowed their heads for a little time in sorrow and sympathy for their brethren of Massachusetts. Then followed an outburst of popular indignation. Other wrongs might be forgiven, but the patriot blood poured out at Lexington was the "immedicable malady" for which the surgery of the sword only would suffice. The Royal Governor, Josiah Martin, retired from the fury of the storm, forsaking his palace at Newbern and taking refuge on board a man-of-war in Cape Fear river. Of the numerous assemblages of the people to give expression to their feelings and wishes in this grave crisis, none has so much attracted the attention of the world as that held at Charlotte, in the county of Mecklenburg. The people of that county, surpassing all their contemporaries in audacity and prescience, declared that they were absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; that they were a free and independent people, and their only allegiance was due to God and the General Government of the Provincial Congress.

Very soon thereafter, by concert of action, an election was held for delegates to a convention called to consider measures of resistance, and on the 21st day of August, 1775, this convention, composed of delegates from every county in the Colony, assembled at Hillsboro'. Among other measures adopted by the convention, were resolutions in favor of raising a continental army by the united action of all the Colonies and pledging North Carolina to the payment of her due share of the expense thereby incurred. The convention then ordered the organization of two regiments of the Continental line, so called as distinguished from local troops, because their services might be required any where within the Colonies. Thus the Colony of North Carolina was fully embarked on the perilous sea of Revolution, in whose depths lie a thousand wrecks of virtuous enterprise and daring, of noble aspirations and heroic emprise and of fiery, restless ambition, now forever extinguished and at rest. In the six years of war which followed, her people were destined to undergo many privations and sufferings. The sword of the invader, and the torch of the incendiary, were alike employed to conquer and crush the free spirit of her citizens; and amid the blackened ruins of many happy firesides, her people felt the power and cruelty of oppression. There were sanguinary raids through a part of her territory, some of them so merciless in their character that they recall vividly to my mind the graphic lines of one

of the olden English poets, descriptive of the march of an invading army, and the terror of the defenceless inhabitants:

Amazement in the van, with flight combined,
And sorrow's pallid form and solitude behind.

But throughout all, her daughters wove and spun and knitted for the soldiers, who, in the far-away camps of Washington, of Greene, and of Wayne, with invincible resolution, still grasped the musket and wielded the broadsword in defence of Liberty and America.

The convention proceeded to appoint the officers of the two regiments, and among them was Hardy Murfree, then a young man, a native of Murfreesboro', in Hertford county, who received the commission of Captain in the Second Regiment.

With this regiment he entered the war of the Revolution, performing the duties of a patriotic soldier and officer with fidelity and valor. The regiment rendered signal and memorable service. Under Washington, it bore a part in the campaigns through Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York, from 1776 to 1779, in which were fought the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth and others.

In the summer of 1779, it was the fortune of Col. Murfree to take part in an enterprise which caused the liveliest feelings of gratification throughout the whole country, and which, I have no doubt, made his name, with those of his fellow-officers, familiar to every reading man in America. I allude to the battle of Stony Point, fought on the night of June 15th, 1779. In that year there had been formed by Gen. Washington a new organization in the American army, known as the corps of light infantry. A contemporary writer, who, on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of Stony Point in 1879, gave to the public a very graphic and interesting account of the battle, says of this corps: "It was composed of men carefully selected from each regiment, and then formed into battalions by a field officer. Though a small body, it otherwise represented the very best material in the army, and its main work was to take position in front, perform out-post duty, watch the enemy and be ready for service at a moment's notice. One General and ten field officers, all tried soldiers of three and four years' service, veterans of nearly every field from Bunker Hill to Monmouth, were detailed to commands in this infantry. The leadership fell, by Washington's unerring selection, to that ready, magnetic, dashing, almost reckless officer, who has passed into our fireside tales as Mad Anthony Wayne." Col. Murfree was selected as one of the ten field officers for service in this corps, and was placed

in command of a battalion. To this corps, 1,200 strong, was assigned by Washington the enterprise of the capture of Stony Point. This fortress rose on a precipitous height, the base of which was partly washed by the Hudson, and protected, in addition, by a deep marsh difficult to cross. The place had been so fortified as to be considered impregnable, except by surprise.

Having arrived within a mile and a half of the fort at dark, Wayne formed his plan of attack. To Maj. Murfree was assigned the duty of taking position immediately in front of the fort, and opening a rapid and continuous fire upon the enemy. The whole command crossed the marsh a little before midnight, and, I have heard the incident as coming from Col. Murfree, that the command to his men to hold up their guns above the water was passed in a whisper down his line. Two assaulting columns, with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets, moved silently right and left and took position on opposite sides of the fort. Almost simultaneously with Murfree's opening gun, they sprang forward and began the steep and perilous ascent. Climbing over felled trees, cutting through the obstructions of chevaux-de-frise, surmounting walls, and springing from rock to rock, they pushed forward steadily and with all the speed possible against the impediments that hindered every forward step. Before they were half way up, Gen. Wayne, who, spear in hand, accompanied the right column, is struck by a musket ball, and, thinking he is mortally wounded, calls upon his aids to support him, that he may go forward and die in the fort. The work becomes hotter, and it is evident that only the desperate courage of a forlorn hope can win the fight. But up they go, like panting tigers, in the face of a furious and incessant fire of musketry. In three-fourths of an hour the invincible pluck of the Americans has triumphed over everything, and Febiger, the first man, mounts the parapet, strikes the British colors, and shouts the watchword of the night, "The Fort is our own." The left column soon appears on the opposite side. All come swarming in, and three mighty, resounding cheers are given in honor of the glorious victory. The victory created intense gratification in the army and throughout the entire country. Wayne and his light infantry were the heroes of the day, and received the congratulations of Washington, LaFayette, Gates, Lee and others, as well as the thanks of the Provincial Congress.

I have no doubt, Mr. President, that the sword this day presented to the Society was worn by Col. Murfree on that memorable night, as well as on many other fields of the Revolution.

Col. Murfree continued in the service of his country until its independence was achieved, returning at the close of the war to his home in North Carolina. Early in the present century he emigrated to Williamson county, Tennessee, where he resided until his death. On that occasion an eulogy was pronounced upon his life and services by Hon. Felix Grundy, then a young and rising attorney and politician of the State, and, amid the profound respect and homage of his fellow-citizens, this intrepid soldier of the Revolution, the companion and compatriot of Washington, of Greene, and of Wayne, was borne to his honored tomb. In the name of all his descendants, this sword is now committed to the guardianship of the Historical Society as a most interesting relic and memorial of one who, if he may not be considered one of the founders of the Republic, was the friend, the companion, and the ever-faithful co-laborer of those who were its founders.

The Revolutionary worthies have all passed away, but their work remains, stupendous and magnificent, surpassing their most sanguine conceptions or wildest dreams. It is that of a great Republic, founded on the inalienable rights of man, existing under a benign constitution and equal laws, upon a theatre so vast, and presenting an aggregate of happiness, prosperity and enlightenment so great, as was never before attained in any age or country.

On each recurring anniversary of the National Independence, it is the custom of the people to assemble together to pay a tribute of respect and homage to the men who achieved for America this beneficent destiny. This honored custom will endure for all time, and, I doubt not, there are those now living who will on some future natal day see more than a hundred million freemen assemble and bow low their heads in honor of the illustrious Washington and his compeers, and pay to them a tribute more imposing and august than the Cæsars or the Bonapartes ever knew.

“To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre, cloddy earth to glittering gold :
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.”

REPLY OF JUDGE LEA

The President said, on receiving the sword from Maj. Maney, that a just pride might well have desired to keep so valuable and interesting a relic in the family, but it seems that the patriotism of the an-

cestor had come down to the descendants, who thought that the Historical Society was the proper depository of this weather-beaten and time-honored implement of the War of the Revolution. In the name of the Society, he assured them that the gift was highly appreciated, and would be most carefully preserved. Not only in the attack at Stony Point, to which reference had been so gracefully made, but in other battles and skirmishes, this sword helped to win victory for our arms. We render honor to him who wore it. The cause which succeeded by the use, in gallant hands, of this and other swords has given to us the title of freemen, and relieved us from all foreign domination. Our destiny has been in our own hands, and so far we have worked it out with reasonable success. This ancient relic, manufactured, perhaps, at a shop in North Carolina, has not the gaudy trappings which ornamented the hilt of the Excalibur of King Arthur's sword, nor is it like that celebrated sword of the mythical hero which rendered the wearer invulnerable to harm, but it possesses a more honorable history than ever attached to any mediæval romance, for it was used in defence of the rights of man against the tyrannical attacks of a Government made alien to us by its attempt at oppression. We thank you most cordially for this testimonial of patriotism, and it shall ever be honored by us, as it is by the family which has generously placed it in our custody.

On motion of Gen. Palmer, the thanks of the Society were tendered to Maj. D. D. Maney, for his valuable historical relic, and he was requested to furnish a copy of his remarks for publication.

The Recording Secretary takes occasion to remark that the sword mentioned was used by the tyler of Hiram Lodge No. 7, Free and Accepted Masons, at Franklin, Tennessee, for thirty years before the war. Col. Murfree was an honored member of that Lodge.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The President announced that Col. W. L. Murfree, of St. Louis, had written a sketch of Col. Hardy Murfree, for whom this town was named, and would furnish the Society with the same. The following is the sketch:

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF COL. HARDY MURFREE, OF THE NORTH
CAROLINA CONTINENTAL LINE.

Hardy Murfree was born in Hertford county, North Carolina, on the 5th of June, 1752. At the early age of twenty-three, he was appointed Captain of the Second Regiment of the Continental line of North Carolina by the Provincial Congress, which met at Halifax, August 21, 1775. The earliest action of this body was to pledge the co-operation of North Carolina with the other Colonies in raising a Continental army for the common defence of the country. In fulfillment of this pledge, after directing the formation of a force of "Minute-men," designed for local operations, it proceeded to organize two regiments, which became a portion of the Continental army, and which served throughout the Revolutionary war.

Hardy Murfree's father, William Murfree, was a man of prominence in the community in which he lived, and was a member from Hertford county in the North Carolina Congress, or Convention, as it would be called in the language of the present day, which convened at Halifax, in the following year, on the 12th of November, 1776. The duty of this body, as described in the call issued for its formation by the Committee of Safety, was "not only to make laws, but also to form a constitution which was to be the foundation of all law; and as it was well or ill ordered, would tend to the happiness or misery of the State."—(Wheeler's History of North Carolina, pp. 84, 85, 86.)

That the constitution framed by this body was "well ordered," is very manifest from the fact that it proved so satisfactory to the people of North Carolina that, without amendment, it continued to be the organic law of the State from 1776 to 1835, a period of fifty-nine years.

The two regiments contributed by North Carolina to the general defence, passed, as soon as they were organized, under the control of the Continental Congress, and acted chiefly in the main body of the army, under the command of Washington.

In the daring assault which resulted in the capture of Stony Point, there was selected from the North Carolina troops a battalion of picked men, and Hardy Murfree who was then a Major, was placed in command. At this time there had been organized a new corps of light infantry, composed of a battalion of picked men taken from each of the following States: North Carolina, Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Massachusetts, each battalion being under the command of a field officer. As already stated, Hardy

Murfree was selected to command the North Carolina battalion. Gen. Anthony Wayne was placed in command of the whole body, and to this corps of choice troops was committed the daring enterprise of storming Stony Point. Maj. Murfree, with his command, took his position according to his orders in front of the enemy's lines. He opened a rapid and continuous fire, for the purpose of drawing the attention of the garrison to his command, while the storming columns moved steadily and silently on his right and left to the attack on the fort. The result is matter of familiar history.

In the next year, it appears that Maj. Murfree and his command had been transferred to the South. In his note-book, which is now in the possession of a member of the family, there is a copy of an order by Gen. Jethro Sumner, dated Warren county, June 1780, addressed to Maj. Hardy Murfree, and also a copy of a letter from Gen. Sumner, dated Hillsboro', May 18, 1781, addressed to "Col. Lamb or Maj. Murfree," relating to the movement of troops.

It may here be remarked that, in addition to the historical and documentary data, there are many interesting traditions concerning Hardy Murfree and his comrades, during the time of his service in the Continental army. It is said that in the battle of Germantown, October 4, 1777, he assisted in bearing from the field Gen. Francis Nash, who was mortally wounded. Col. Murfree's sash was used upon this occasion to support the wounded General, and still bears the stains of his blood.

There are persons now living who were told by those who knew him well, his brother-in-law and son-in-law, that before the war closed, Maj. Murfree was promoted to the rank of Colonel. He has always been accorded that title.

Col. Murfree was married on the 17th of February, 1780, to Miss Sally Brickell, daughter of Matthias Brickell and his wife, Rochei Noailles Brickell. Mr. Brickell was a member of the Provincial Congress of North Carolina, in 1776.

After the close of the war, Col. Murfree devoted himself to his private affairs. Elkannah Watson, in his book of travels in the South, published soon after the war, speaks of him as an "intrepid officer of the Revolution," whom he found busy with his plantation, on the banks of the Meherrin river, near the town of Murfreesboro', North Carolina. The town of Murfreesboro', Tennessee, was named in honor of him.

Col. Murfree's wife died on the 29th of March, 1802, and five years afterwards he emigrated to Tennessee, where he owned large

bodies of land. He settled on Murfree's Fork of West Harpeth, in Williamson county, and on the 6th of July, 1809, he died. Although he had so recently identified himself with the people of Tennessee, he had made many friends, and his funeral was attended by a large concourse of people. He was interred with Masonic honors, and an oration was delivered upon the occasion by Felix Grundy.

The following account of his funeral is taken from *The Democratic Clarion*, published by Thomas G. Bradford, in Nashville, Tenn., July 21, 1809. This old newspaper is now in the possession of Mrs. Mary M. Hardeman, a grand-daughter of Col. Murfree:

On Sunday, the 9th instant, agreeable to notice, the Masonic funeral of Col. Hardy Murfree was celebrated. It 9 o'clock the procession formed in Franklin, in the following order:

Masonic Lodges, preceded by Tylers with drawn swords.

Philanthropic Lodge, Col. Edward Hard, Master, followed by the members.

Past Masters.

Franklin Lodge, Col. N. Patterson, Master. Members.

Nashville Corps of Volunteer Cavalry, Capt. Heussar.

On the procession arriving at the gate of the garden, the Philanthropic Lodge stopped, and the Franklin Lodge advanced first to the grave. At the conclusion of the Masonic funeral rites, the subjoined oration was delivered by Felix Grundy, Esq., after which the military advanced and fired three volleys over the grave.

The surrounding hills were covered with vast numbers of people, and the awful silence which pervaded such an immense crowd evinced the feelings of the spectators for the memory and virtues of the deceased. Col. Murfree was said to be nearly the last survivor who commanded a regiment during the Revolutionary war. The heroes and sages of that day are rapidly passing off the stage of life, but a few years more and nothing will remain but the remembrance of the virtues of the gallant patriots who established the freedom and independence of their country.

The following are extracts from the oration delivered upon the occasion by Judge Felix Grundy:

* * * Masons have lost a brother, soldiers have lost a hero, the world has lost a citizen and a man worthy to be remembered—ye military men, he was also your brother in arms. When the voice of an injured country called him to her relief, he paused not, he left his peaceful habitation, he marched to the tented field—he felt the injustice and indignity that were offered to his country—while timid irresolute minds were considering whether submission or resistance to the unjust demands of the old government should be preferred, in his mind there was no conflict, he saw there was but one course honorable for his country, that he adopted and pursued it—although the prospect was gloomy and unpromising he did not hesitate—he staked his property and life on the event of the doubt-

ful contest. When in the field he was no idle spectator of events—the plains of Monmouth bear testimony to his valor and intrepidity. In the attack on Stony Point he held a distinguished and dangerous command. On both occasions and many others he taught bravery to his soldiers by example, he never shunned danger, his gallant soul was a stranger to fear—you, ye aged men, who also partook in the dangers and difficulties of our country, know that although he was the greatest advocate for discipline, he had the talent of enforcing it rather by persuasion and example than coercion—those under his command considered his displeasure as the greatest punishment that could be inflicted on them—military men; remember his name and imitate his virtues.

Let all present revere his memory, who, with his compatriots, brought liberty and independence to our country. We are now floating on the surface of a smooth sea, they buffeted the storm; we now enjoy the cool and refreshing breezes of peace; the scorching heat of the summer sun and the battle's danger were theirs. * * *

Enough of our brother's character has been portrayed in the rough field of peril and danger; let us trace him in the private walks of life, where peaceful virtue, with her associates, delight to dwell. His presence, which was a terror to the enemies of his country, to his family and friends was a refreshing shower. The implements of war being laid aside he was the affectionate husband and the tender father. He has left no consort behind him to mourn his death—his children are with us; often will they revisit this spot, they will view it as holy ground, consecrated by the remains of their father.

Of the benevolence of our deceased friend all who knew him can speak! With a liberal but unostentatious hand, he relieved the wants of the distressed. With those feelings which Masonry inspires, he fed the hungry, clothed the naked and dried up the tear upon the widow's cheek.

Col. Murfree left two sons and five daughters, all of whom were married. None of them are now living; the second generation has passed away, but the third and fourth are numerous. A large proportion of his descendants are residents of Tennessee, a few of Mississippi, some live in Kentucky, and some in Missouri.

Col. Murfree's letters and memoranda show that he was a finely educated man, and of great native intelligence. He was of a generous and enthusiastic temperament, and was endowed with many noble traits of character. He was in every respect an honorable and upright man, a gallant officer, greatly beloved in private life, and most exemplary in his domestic relations. His private character is one which adds lustre to his public services.

INVITATION, ETC.

An invitation was read from E. D. Hicks, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the University of Nashville, asking the Society to

attend the exercises of the Centennial celebration of that time-honored institution at the First Presbyterian Church, Nashville, on Thursday evening, Dec. 10th.*

On motion of Rev. Dr. Gray, the invitation was accepted.

On motion of Judge Avent, 500 copies of these proceedings, containing the sketch of Col. Hardy Murfree, were ordered to be printed in pamphlet form.

The Society then adjourned to meet in the Watkins Institute, in Nashville, on the second Tuesday in January, 1886.

Immediately after the adjournment, Maj. Sparks invited the members and all present to the dining-room, where they partook of a bounteous feast. Forty or fifty persons were at the dining, and Mrs. Sparks and several of the best ladies of Murfreesboro' waited on the guests. It was a joyous occasion, and one long to be remembered. It was only equaled by the dining of the Society and others at the hospitable mansion of Judge Jas. M. Avent, in the same town, in July last, on the occasion of our meeting at his house in monthly session.

After dinner, a vote of thanks was cordially tendered, on motion of Capt. William Stockell, to Maj. and Mrs. Sparks, and the ladies who assisted so well and so promptly, for the elegant entertainment so richly enjoyed.

Music followed, in the parlor, until 4 o'clock P. M., when the party

*NOTE.—On the evening of the 10th of December, notwithstanding the cold and disagreeable weather, several members of the Society, among whom were Hon. John M. Lea, President, Col. A. S. Colyar, Dr. C. C. Fite, Robert T. Quarles, Rev. Dr. C. H. Strickland, Prof. W. R. Garrett, Rev. Dr. J. W. Dodd, Gen. J. F. Wheless, Judge Pitkin C. Wright, Dr. John H. Currey and Anson Nelson, assembled at the Watkins Institute and proceeded to the Church in a body, and listened to the exercises, which consisted of music, a prayer, an address of welcome by Randal M. Ewing, of Franklin, the Centenary address by Hon. Edwin H. Ewing, a graduate of the class of 1827, and a paper from Prof. Eben S. Stearns, of the State Normal College (merged in the University of Nashville), on the "Coming Centennial in 1985." The meeting was under the direction of Capt. Alexander J. Porter, President of the Board of Trustees, an active member of the Tennessee Historical Society, as is also Mr. E. D. Hicks, Secretary of the Board.

present went in procession to the Baptist Church to attend the marriage ceremony of Mr. Frank W. Washington, of Nashville, and Miss Minnie T. Hord, of Rutherford; the Rev. Dr. Strickland officiating.

The visiting members soon after took the trains for their respective homes.

ANSON NELSON,
Recording Secretary.

NOTE.—The Col. Francis Nash, who fell at the battle of Germantown in 1777, was the man in whose honor Nashville was named.



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